THE CINCINNATI MIRROR,
AND LADIES' PARTERRE, AND MUSEUM.

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THE VETERAN'S REWARD.

If the French Revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity. Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those people whom the unhappy state of the times compelled them to regard as enemies—and these acts of generous devotion were not uncommon among the military, who, by their profession, and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the softest feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the Republicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troops had halted to take some refreshment, they stopped in a plain near a spring, formed a circle, and placed the prisoners in the midst of it. Their captain, a very young man, who had lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance upon the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speaking to his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advanced towards him. Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trowsers, which were in rags, and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer, and he was still more moved, when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have saved the miniature of my wife; will you when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplesis, at Lambelle? My wife and my children reside with her." Too much moved to reply to this touching request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "in the name of heaven do not refuse me! If you do they must always suffer from the ignorance of my fate, for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court-martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me; but if they receive the portrait, they will be certain that I parted with it only at the hour of death."

Delmont was still silent: in fact, his mind was occupied between the desire of saving the prisoner, and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, which he found in doing it. Duplesis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent. "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you!" "Say no more," cried the other abruptly, "the commission is a very disagreeable one, but still I will not refuse it." Taking the miniature as he spoke he put it into his pocket, and added, "will you eat a mouthful of something, and take a drop of brandy to refresh you."

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplesis—"A fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach our destination, that I may escape from my misery." These words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving to risk every thing in order to serve him. "Listen to me attentively," cried he—"I will give you a chance, which if well managed may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me that you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back, and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and speak to me, and try to act so that he may solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for a *voiture de requisition*—I will take care that the men who will guard you shall be drunkards; make them drunk, recover your *energy*, and escape."

"Ah my God! If it were possible! But you forget I must have money to give them, and I have not a single sous!" "And, unfortunately, I have very little; only four assignats of francs each; you will find them under this piece of meat," continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper, "be sure you are not seen to take them out: and God speed you!"

Duplesis turned away without speaking, but the tears that started to his eyes were more eloquent than words. He followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few minutes afterwards the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incapable of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness, that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

"What!" cried the other indignantly, "shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court martial! You cannot seriously mean it, captain."

"Pray then, what would you have me do with him, for you know that I cannot remain here to watch him. My orders are to proceed, and I cannot diminish the force of our troops, already too small for a part of the country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man."

"But look at the state in which he is. Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him, till we can get a *voiture de requisition*, which no doubt may be had to-morrow, and certainly captain, you cannot say that you cannot spare three men."

"Well," replied the other, with feigned impatience, "you shall have it your way; but remember I tell you, you are bringing me into a scrape. However, since you will have it so, tell corporal Gilard, La Porte and Desmovilus, to remain with him; we must now set out." The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, into a hut. Delmont recommended to them to keep a strict eye over him, as they would be answerable for him if he escaped; and he set forward.

As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day to present it to the commissary of the convention. Before he waited upon the commissary, the three soldiers arrived without their prisoner. The corporal declared that, notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by the window, but the men being upon the alert had all fired at once; he fell dead upon the spot, and they buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally, that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth; it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him; but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him the three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly that he had done wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot; that however as they had done their duty by shooting him when he had attempted to escape, and had returned safely, the affair should be passed over, but that he might be certain, if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply inquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him a fresh order to march with his detachment, saying at the same time, I believe you will be commanded before your departure, to shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it, I will transmit it to you." My reader will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out without beat of drum, and they escaped the horrible office of executioners.

Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to —; while on the road he recollected the mission which he had accepted from the unfortunate Duplesis; and as he had to halt at Lambelle, he determined to fulfil it, though he felt an unspeakable reluctance to be the bearer of the news to a mother. When he presented himself at the house of Madame Duplesis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billeted upon them, said to him, "citizen, my mistress cannot lodge you in her house, but she has arranged with the inn-keeper over the way to receive you instead."

"It is not lodging I want; I must speak to your mistress in private."

The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of horror to inform her mistress—returning in a moment showing Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady, of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl, four or five years old, at her side. "I would wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she, "go Pauline, and seek your mamma."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment; and before he could determine to begin a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with emotion, and the old lady then said, "this is my daughter. You have a commission for us, have you not?"

"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah, not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved!" "Yes," cried the mother, in a transport of gratitude, "I owe you my son's life. Agatha, embrace the preserver of your husband."

Both embraced him with the tears of joy.—The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy, and her little girl, that they might also caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were these caresses to Delmont! never in his life had he experienced such pure and heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible?" said he, at last; "did they not fire? they told me they had killed and buried him." "My dear friend, they were so intoxicated that they would not have been able to kill a fly. Heaven be praised, he is now in safety, and is recovering very fast. How I wish that you could see him, but that must not be. But now tell us, are you come to stay at Lambelle?" "No, I can only stop for to night." "Well at least for to-night you will stop with us;" and Agatha hastened to get an apartment prepared for him.

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve. Duplesis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children: his mother resolved to remain behind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay your twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait; my husband desired, if ever I was fortunate enough to see you, to tell you to keep it, and to beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning, Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable family, whom he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont, at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister, upon the produce of a little farm, which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing himself in his arms exclaimed, "Heaven be praised, my dear preserver, that I am allowed to thank you once, at least before I die!" It was Duplesis, returned after so long an absence to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and had come back rich. Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate?"

"My friend, I do not complain; I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience." "And without promotion?" "I have not sought it." "No, but you have well deserved it; I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns." "I only did my duty."

Upon this point, however, the friends could not agree; but Duplesis soon dropped the subject, to talk with his friend about his present situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied, as it was about to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplesis to him one day, when they were talking on the subject, "does the owner demand for it?" "Twenty-three thousand francs," (near four thousand dollars.) "That is lucky, for it is exactly the sum you have in Lafitte's hands. "I? You joke." "No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find, if you draw upon him to that amount. "But can you think that I shall rob you?" "Not at all; the money is yours; it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs." "Impossible."

"I will convince you that it is very possible and true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she has executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to advantage, purchased materials for more, and constantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work, to place it in the public funds. We lived retired and she consequently had much leisure and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund, at first so small, has been constantly increasing, till it has become the means of rendering your old age easy. But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recompense for his services, and I bring you one. Means have been found to represent to the king that your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valor, and he shows his sense of your services, by presenting you with this cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half-pay of *chef-de-battallion*."

The worthy veteran threw himself into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lives in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity—Need it be said that he makes a worthy use of it?

PICTURE OF VENICE.

Mestre, which must be at least as much as six miles from Venice, is the nearest approach to that singular city, by land. From this, the passage to the town is by gondola, partly by canal, and partly by open sea, which separates Venice from the continent on this quarter, by a space of at least two miles. At a little distance, one can hardly believe that Venice is a fixture—literally it appears to be afloat on the bosom of the ocean. The appearance is a little changed when you are within the city; for then the impression is that the town has been inundated by some sudden and unexpected influx of the sea, and that every thing has been accommodated to this new and singular condition. It is difficult to believe it could have been constructed originally on the plan which it now presents. It has not at present the slightest appearance of having been founded on islands. It stands literally in the midst of waters. There are no walls around it to protect it from the sea, and no quays worth the name, except on the side of the bay and harbor. For the most part, the houses, both around the exterior, and within the city, rise directly out of the water. There is but one street which deserves to be so called, and that was made, under the auspices of Napoleon, over the course of one of the canals, and conducts to an extensive public garden and grounds principally redeemed also from the water, at an enormous expense, at the same period. Almost all the other streets are mere alleys, conducting from one canal to another, and frequently not wide enough for more than two or three persons to walk abreast in them. Such a thing as a wheel carriage or a horse never was, and probably never will be seen in Venice—and there are no sedans for carrying persons, and no barrows of any description. Nothing, in short, is ever carried in the street—the canals are made to answer the precise purpose of streets in other cities. The houses front on the canals, and the entrance door is by a flight of steps from the water. Every gentleman has his gondola at his door, and when he rides out he is attended by his servvats in livery—they are his driver and footmen, of whom one is stationed near the bow, and three near the stern of the boat. If you call for a hack, you are conducted from the steps of your hotel into a gondola, and accompanied by the same complement of gondoliers. This strange species of pleasure-carriage, of which there are more than three thousand in the city, is very narrow, very long, and exceedingly sharp at the ends. They sit on the water lighter than any bird, and the velocity with which they are impelled, and the skill and adroitness with which they are manoeuvered are equally astonishing and delightful. The carriage top is placed near the centre; and is so light as to be put on and taken off at pleasure. They are fitted up with curtains and windows, and the interior is frequently very handsome. Without, however, they are always covered with black cloth, adorned sometimes with black knots and tassels, very much resembling the drapery of a hearse. This lugubrious uniform is the effect of a law of Venice made in order to repress the luxurious display which the Venetian noblemen, in the days of the republic, were accustomed to make in the adornment of their gondolas.

All the canals, which are named like so many streets, and which traverse the city in every direction, are, with the exception of the "Grand Canal," comparatively narrow and shallow—the depth not exceeding 3 feet when the tide is out. Over these are 340 bridges in all. The

"Grand Canal" traverses the city nearly in the form of the letter S, and looks more like a respectable river than a canal. The Rialto, a splendid structure, is the only bridge over this canal. Its depth is 30 feet, and vessels of considerable burden then float on it. It is lined with splendid palaces on either side, in an imposing style of architecture, said to resemble the best Grecian models. Generally, the fronts are adorned with ranges, columns, or pilasters—the first stage of the Doric order, the second of the Ionic, and the third of the Corinthian. Sometimes the Gothic style prevails throughout the structure, and occasionally composite capitals are employed with a fine effect. Most of these buildings are what we should call ancient—none of them are new; and some have stood too long not to begin to show marks of decay. The palace of the famous Foscari family, is an immense pile, uninhabited, and just ready to fall in ruins. The last Doge of Venice died about thirty years ago; and shortly after the fall of the Republic. He left no family except a sister, who is now living in the city, in a very humble way. The Doge's palace, at present uninhabited, is a grand, gloomy, gothic structure, so unique and peculiar is its architecture and arrangement, that one can read in it the great outlines of the history of the Republic. It was the perpetual prison of the Doge, as it was of many of his unfortunate subjects, and the ducal block was there as well as the throne.

On the same platform, at the head of the great stair-case, where the Doges were crowned, Marino Faliero was beheaded. In the wall close by are apertures, formerly covered with lion's heads, into the open mouths of which the secret accusations against the citizens were dropped. In the centre story is the grand council chamber, the largest apartment which I have seen in Europe—the chamber in which the Doges took the oath of office—the anti-room and salle of the Three Inquisitors, a snug little apartment, just such as three inquisitors would be likely to occupy—the chamber of the Council of Ten—the Senate Chamber—and the Hall of the Ambassadors. All these apartments, though despoiled of some of their ornaments, exhibit the remains of unequalled splendor.

Beneath the palace are subterranean prisons, to which the light of day never penetrated. There are twenty-four of these cells, varying a little in dimensions, but generally about 10 feet by 5. These were the prisons of the condemned—either to execution or confinement. The great prison of the city, which was for the accused, is separated from the palace only by a very narrow canal, and connected with it only by a strong, small, covered bridge. This is the famous "bridge of sighs," so named from the sighs" and sobs of themiserable wretches who pased over it, and which were frequently heard by the people from a bridge which is situated at the foot of the same canal. The "bridge of sighs conducted into a narrow passage which led to the salle of the Three Inquisitors. Here the accused received condemnation, and were immediately conducted to the cells below, and to their horrible fate, by a stair-case leading from the same passage. If they were so happy as to be condemned to decapitation, the guillotine stood there ready for its office, in a niche of the wall, just wide and deep enough to receive the instrument and the extended body of the victim. Often however, before execution, the wretch was first put anew to the rack, in a cell called the room of torture, and if any thing was extorted from him, he was led up to an altar erected close by, to confirm his confessions there. Death by strangulation was a very common sentence, and there is a particular cell where the operation was performed. The executioner remained without and performed his office by means of a wire which attached to proper machinery within, passed outward through a hole in the wall. The victim entered and seated himself in a little recess which brought his neck and head firmly against the iron grates of a small window, through which, by the help of his torch, the executioner could discover when every thing was properly arranged for his purpose. Sometimes the condemned wretch became desperate and refractory, when the murderer entered and despatched him with his dirk. The stains of the blood of these miserable beings is still to be seen on the walls. Under the canal between the great prison and the palace, were the cells for the water-torture, probably the most insufferable torment which the hell of man's invention has ever exhibited. The victim was seated with his head erect, and the water from the canal fell upon it from a considerable height, in single drops, equal, measured and perpetual. The dead were carried out in the night time, by way of the canal, with which the subterranean prisons communicated, and dropt into the sea at a considerable distance from the city. When the French took possession of Venice three prisoners were found in the cells of the Doge's palace; one of them had been confined 14 and another 18 years. The latter, on being carried out to the Place St. Mark in front of the palace, from the sudden exposure to the light instantaneously became blind. I saw the cell in which he had been confined, and the marks of violence with which the enraged populace assailed it, on the occasion referred to. But the palace of the Doge was also crowded with prisoners, and of a character no less cruel than those beneath it. These are situated in the attic, or more strictly the garret, of the building. They are small enclosures on the roof, and very much resemble, exteriorly, the frames contrived for windows on the roofs of many of our houses at home. The front, instead of glass, is closed and strongly barred with iron, and the covering of the whole was of a thin sheet of lead, and the miserable being, who had the misfortune to be confined there, which was only in summer, were suffocated almost without exception, from the intense heat of such an exposure. I left this palace sick and depressed in spirits, with the melancholy evidence which I had seen, of the barbarity of the times to which it referred.

Venice has its Campainile, only inferior in height to that of Bologna. It commands a view as beautiful as it is singular. The Place St. Mark where it stands was the model of the Palais Royal at Paris, as it is seen at the present day, and the Cafes and hops which line the square, are in the same style of elegance in both.

J. J. Audubon, Esq. the celebrated Ornithologist, and his two assistants, arrived at Charleston on the 3d inst. in the Revenue Cutter Marion, in excellent health, after a tedious tour through the Florida Keys. We are informed that they have succeeded in taking 500 different species of Birds, some of them entirely unknown heretofore—besides several specimens of Minerals, Shells, Rocks, &c.—*Bal. Gaz.*

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Cincinnati Mirror and Ladies' Parterre.

THE SERENADE.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

Once more it came—that low, soft strain,
When sleep had lulled each sense again.
I woke,—but not to this cold world
Where thought its sweetness would have marred,
But fancy brighter scenes unfurled
Than e'er were viewed by any bard
In all his bright imaginings!
'Twas night—the rays that Luna flings,
Penciled with light each object there,
And shadows mingling with the light,
Made still more beauteous and fair
Those scenes of ravishing delight.
But human tongue can ne'er redeem
The glowing scenes of that sweet dream.

And all seemed bathed in melody,
Sweeter than earth's,—'twas heavenly,
The rills that rippled o'er the plains,
Awakened wild, unwritten strains,
And waterfalls their part sustained,
That raptures for the soul contained;
And sounds melodious seemed to rise
Upon the fragrance of the flowers,
That ope'd their bosoms to the skies.
Waked echoes from the beauteous bowers,
Hung tremulous upon each breeze
That whispering came from the tuneful trees.
The moonbeams as they lightly fell
On quivering leaf and green-sward spear,
Sent upward through each glade and dell
Strains fitting for a seraph's ear;
And each soft breeze that fanned the sky,
Was laden with rich melody.
Then dark'ning shadows dimmed the view,
And those rich strains seemed fading too.
I woke then fully, and the close
Of real strains, a friend sincere
Had sent to sweeten my repose,
Fell faintly on the ravished ear. ERNEST.

For the Cincinnati Mirror and Ladies' Parterre.

LINES TO MY LITTLE BROTHER.

Thy little heart is light, my brother,
No care corrodes it now,
Thine eye with mirth beams bright, my brother,
Gladness sits on thy brow;
Thou dream'st not of the care, my brother,
That future years will bring,
The world to thee looks fair, my brother,
Life, one eternal spring.

While witnessing thy glee, my brother,
It grieves my heart to know,
These happy hours must flee, my brother,
—Blest moments swiftest go.
Too soon the cloud of sorrow, brother,
Will shade thy morning sun,
Though bright to-day, to-morrow, brother,
Thy hours in gloom may run.

Then sport while yet you may, my brother,
These are thy happiest hours,
Drive grief and care away, my brother,
Pluck now life's sweetest flowers. S.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

INDEPENDENCE ODE.

God of the high and glorious heaven,
To Thee, forever, praise be given!
When tyrants aimed the deadly blow
To lay Columbia's banner low,
Thou, who canst blast, and who canst save,
Stretched forth thine arm to shield the brave—
And hurled Oppression's minions back,
Dishonored, on their blood-stained track.

How fought our Spartan sires, and fell,
Their children need not shame to tell:
Thou wast the Power that led them on,
And smiled whene'er their valor won!
And Thou the Power that struck the blow,
Which laid their proud oppressors low:
To Thee, O God! their children raise,
This hallowed day, the voice of praise.

Year after year hath worn away,
Since, on this ever-glorious day,
That deed of daring might was done,
Which freed the land of Washington!
'Twas Thou, who nerved the arm that smote!
And Thou, who nerved the hand that wrote!
And Thou, who served the tongue that swore,
To seal that freedom with its gore!

Then went the shout, all far and free—
"No longer bend the suppliant knee!
No longer cower beneath the nod
Of man—nor bow to aught but God!
Rise! swerve not till the work be done—
Till brighter still shine Valor's sun!
Death to the traitor, and the slave!
—*For Country—Freedom—or the grave.*"

Since—many a year hath rolled away,
And still returns this hallowed day:
And still, O God! this land is free—
And bend its sons to none, but Thee!
And Freedom's torch is in her hand—
Its light illumines every land:
And despots, shuddering and amazed,
Curse this fair land, whose first it raised! W.D.G.

THE CINCINNATI MIRROR.

THE CHOLERA.

The appearance of this desolating scourge at Quebec and Montreal, and the probability of its spreading through the United States, make every thing relating to it, of particular interest to the American reader. We have therefore thought proper to devote a large portion of the present number of the Mirror, to this subject.—The first extract we make, is a historical account of the character and progress of the cholera, from its first appearance at Jessore, a town situated within a hundred miles of Calcutta, in 1817, till its introduction into Poland, (by the Russian army, as is supposed,) in 1831. Its progress through Europe, since that time, is familiar to the general reader. It will be perceived that this account, which is copied from the Baltimore American, was prepared before the apperance of the pestilence at Quebec and Montreal.

The second extract, is number two of a series of papers upon the cholera, by Doctor Drake, publishing in the Daily Gazette of this city. The Doctor discards the idea that the disease is contagious; and is rather inclined to support the theory of Animalcular Propagation.

The third extract, favoring the non-contagious character of the cholera, is from the London Medico-Chirurgical Review, and is given as an appendix to the third number of Dr. Drake's truly interesting series.

"Public attention becomes daily more and more generally attracted towards the progress of the cholera in Europe. This terrible pestilence after having desolated Asia and part of Europe with its fearful and continually repeated ravages, sweeping off in its career, according to the common computations, at least fifty millions of human beings, has at length reached the western shores of the Atlantic. What may be its future advance, whether the vast expanse of water may not arrest its further progress, and preserve us from its appalling visitations, or whether we also are destined to be reached and struck down in its irresistible career of desolation, are speculations which may well demand the most anxious inquiry, stir up the most watchful vigilance, and excite feelings of justifiable and salutary alarm in the firmest mind. Since the fourteenth century there has not been known in the world, so wide spread and fatal a malady.

We leave to medical men the medical history of the disease. Very numerous publications have been made in India and in Europe, to guide and direct them. If, in the course of events, it shall afflict our own country, we do not doubt that it will be met by our professional men with characteristic firmness, and treated with all the skill derived from the lights of science, and the experience of the old world. What we propose is simply to collect and republish for the information of our readers, from such sources as are within our reach, some of the most prominent and curious facts and circumstances connected with the history of the malady.

It is not uniformly admitted to be true that the cholera—the name by which the pestilence is improperly known, although said to have none of the peculiar symptoms of cholera proper,—is a new disease, within the present century. Physicians of India who have treated of it, found records of its existence at very remote periods. It was at Bengal in 1762, and carried off 30,000 persons, and returned again in 1781. It was at Madras in 1774, at the Mauritius in 1775, and in Arcot in 1787. It is also said to have appeared in the epidemic form in England in 1669 and 1676.

However the identity of these diseases may be settled, the present cholera made its first appearance on the 28th of August, 1817, at Jessore, a town situated north east of Calcutta about 100 miles. In September it reached Calcutta. During the year 1818 it spread in different directions from Calcutta; northward to Delhi; westward to Bombay, which it reached in September, 1818; southward to Madras, which it reached October 1819; and eastward along the coast of the Bay of Bengal, to the kingdom of Arracan, where it arrived in the commencement of 1820. The whole of the Indian Peninsula, containing six hundred thousand square miles was thus traversed by the Cholera in about a yea.. It progressed eastward to Siam, and after destroying 10,000 persons in Bakn or Bankok, the capitol of that kingdom, it passed through the Peninsula of Malacca, successively visited the islands of Sumatra, Java and Borneo, and in 1820 reached Canton, and ravaged the Philippine and Spice Islands. In less than two years it had thus traversed and ravaged a space in Asia, not less than 1300 leagues in length, and a thousand in breadth, or nearly one hundred and twenty millions of square miles.

Its progress towards Europe continued, but with various rapidity. From Bombay it proceeded in 1821 in one direction along the coast to the Gulph of Ormus and the Persian Gulph, attacking the islands also;—and crossing the Arabian Sea it appeared on the opposite shore, and followed the coast there up to the same gulphs, on the Arabian Sea. Passing up on both sides in Arabia and Persia, it attacked Bussora with great violence, carrying off fifteen thousand or eighteen thousand, or more than one fourth of the whole population in fourteen days. Shortly it separated into two branches, one of which ascended to Astracan, a large and populous town situated at the mouth of the Volga, on the northern shore of the Caspian Sea, which it reached in September, 1823; and by the other passed through and ravaged Arabia, Mesapotamia, and Syria, to the shores of the Mediterranean, in November, 1822. In seven months the disease had extended itself over a vast extent of territory, with undiminished virulence and rapidity, and as early as 1823 it was established at two points on the frontier of Europe.

During the entire period from 1823 to 1830, Asia was annually subjected to the ravages of the pestilence, which thus delayed upon the extreme boundaries of that continent, and with every facility for its introduction across an imaginary boundary into Europe, especially through the Mediterranean ports. Yet it was not until 1830, *seven years* after its appearance at Astracan, that it passed over from that point into European territories. In July in that year, it attacked Astracan severely, and passing along the Don, the Dnieper and the Volga, into Europe, spread with amazing rapidity, traversing a space of sixteen hundred miles in little more than two months. Its gradual advance through Europe since its introduction into Poland by the Russian Army in 1831 is well known. It has finally reached some of the busiest and most populous points on the western coasts of Europe. Where is it to stop? Will the mighty volume of water which rolls between us and its present victims be a more formidable and impassible barrier than were the mountains of Asia? Or is the *Great Pestilence* destined to overcome all obstacles of nature, and, circumnavigating the world, carry its destroying ravages into every habitable region? These are the inquiries which fill the thoughts and alarm the apprehensions of all,—inquiries to which no answer is expected or can be given, but a reference to the fearful future.

The history of the cholera thus far, has shown that where it has once attacked a place it establishes itself permanently, and becomes an epidemic, re-appearing at intervals with violence. Up to May, 1831, a period of fourteen years, *six hundred and fifty-six* irruptions of cholera had been ascertained. In India alone, the number of irruptions has been 433. Calcutta had been attacked every year, Bombay 12 times, Madras 9 times, &c. M. de Jones estimates the mortality in India at 2,500,000 annually, or 35,000,000 for the fourteen years! The lowest calculation gives *eighteen millions* for Indostan, and about *thirty-six millions*, for the rest of Asia and

Europe—being more than *fifty millions* of deaths in fourteen years from one fatal disease.

Wherever the cholera has appeared, it has seldom destroyed less than one third of the diseased. In India the proportion has been generally about one half. Not unfrequently three fifths, two thirds, and six sevenths of the infected, perished. We have heretofore remarked upon the caprice with which its ravages have been apparently directed, the mortality under precisely similar circumstances varying, in a manner yet unexplained and apparently unaccountable.

Its caprice of movement is not less remarkable. The reports of the India Medical Board state that the disease would sometimes take a complete circle round a village, and, leaving it untouched, pass on as if it were wholly to depart from the district. Then after a lapse of weeks, perhaps months, it would suddenly reappear, and scarcely touching the parts formerly attacked, ravage the spot, which had so recently escaped. It is also stated that in the very centre of infected districts there are sometimes found narrow patches and strips of territory into which the disease has never penetrated. Other caprices have also marked its career. In most cases of irruption it has been found to increase with the advance of summer, and to decrease or disappear as the winter advanced. In Russia the reverse took place: cholera invaded Moscow in the dead of winter, with the thermometer at 18° below zero, and spread as the weather became colder.

In general it has been most fatal in hot, moist places, the banks of rivers and the sources of miasmal vapors. On the other hand, it has attacked with great violence places the most remote from such influences. Arabia, destitute of water, was fearfully ravaged, and the villages at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, were also severely visited.

It has generally attacked the filthy and those who live in crowded and unclean habitations. It nevertheless originated in a country where frequent ablutions are not a pleasure but a religious duty. It spread in India over the province of Caucasus, where there are but eight inhabitants to a square league, as well as in Hindostan, where there are 1200 inhabitants in an equal space.

For these details we are chiefly indebted to articles in the Foreign Quarterly Review for October last, the Westminster Review for the same month, and the London Quarterly for November. These Reviews contain a vast multitude of facts and speculations on the subject, which are important and interesting. They all concur in maintaining the *contagiousness* of cholera, and support their views by an imposing array of facts and reasonings. It is a question of infinite importance, in which we are disposed to believe with the Philadelphia Board of Health, themselves non-contagionists—that it is wise for the public safety to assume and treat it as contagious, until the contrary is demonstrated.

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Ever since the present invasion of epidemic cholera, which commenced its ravages in India fifteen years ago, the question of its cause has agitated the public mind, but no satisfactory or even plausible answer has yet been given.—Within that period it has spread eastwardly to China, north to the frozen provinces of Russia, and west to the shores of the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and the Atlantic: lastly it has crossed the ocean, and begun the work of death in the New-World. It has prevailed throughout every season, among nations the most opposite in character and condition, over every kind of soil, both in town and country, and at almost every elevation. A disease so pervading must be occasioned by some powerful, wide spreading, and comparatively permanent cause. If discovered, perhaps it would be uncontrolable by human means. But the mind is irresistibly led to ask, what can be the cause of such a pestilence? Several answers have been hazarded.—

1. It has been said that Epidemic Cholera, like the cholera morbus and summer sickness of children, arises from *Malaria* or bad air, exhaled from wet and filthy grounds, by the heat of summer. But why does it prevail in winter? In elevated situations? In places which never knew it before, although the soil was in the same condition? And, why has it been progressive from the banks of the Ganges, to those of the Thames and St. Lawrence?

2. It has been ascribed to exhalations from the bowels of the earth. But, would these have taken place progressively in the directions in which the disease has spread? Those who can think so ought to enjoy their conclusion.

3. It has been attributed to insensible changes in the atmosphere, independent of exhalations from the surface or caverns of the earth. But is not this hypothesis liable to the same objections with the last?

4. The comet now approaching our globe, has been charged with the mischief. The pestilence began, however, in 1818, and the celestial visitor is not yet in sight of the northern hemisphere; moreover, would not its baleful influence be felt equally by all the world at the same time?

5. It has been asserted that the disease is contagious, and propagated like the small pox, from man to man. This opinion has had numerous advocates in every country to which the disease has spread; but no theory is more untenable. 1st. A greater proportion of those, who as friends, nurses and physicians have been around the sick, have not contracted the disease than of those who stood aloof. 2d. It has repeatedly attacked insulated individuals, and invaded towns where no communication of the sick had existed. 3. It has set the most rigid quarentine regulations at defiance. 4. It has eluded the cordons of troops, disposed on the frontiers of despotic countries, in such numbers as to interdict all intercourse between them and states where the disease prevailed. Facts of this kind, multiplied, repeated, and diversified in every possible way, have convinced a majority of the ablest medical men in Europe, that the disease does not propagate itself by contagion; and that there *is no danger whatever in visiting the sick and bestowing upon them every kind office*. Should the disease reach us, let this unquestionable fact be remembered by all, that no unfortunate sufferer may be deserted in the dark hour of extremity and death, by those who might save his life, or solace his dying moments.

6. The last cause of cholera which I shall mention, is the *conjectured* presence in the atmosphere of flying insects, or *animalcula*, too small to be seen by the naked eye, but which introduced into the lungs and stomach, operate on our system as a poison. The suggestion of this hypothesis, generally excites a smile of incredulity and ridicule. Well, be it so. That such a smile is not merited, cannot be shown, but it would be easy to show that it is equally applicable to every other hypothesis hitherto invented; for they are all *inventions*. No *discovery* has yet been made.

As a theory designed to explain existing facts, I confidently believe it will go further than any other which has yet been struck out. The limits of this paper do not admit of all that could be said in its favor. Let us look at it for a moment. 1. It is known to all the world that many insects, either in their bite or sting are decidedly poisonous—for instance, musquitoes and wasps. 2. Many kinds of insects appear in countless numbers, and, in general, the smaller the more numerous. 3. It is admitted by the Naturalists, that there are insects inhabiting the air, which are too small to be seen by the naked eye. 4. We know many species of gnats which are extremely numerous, multiply themselves by depositing their eggs in the water, and extend from the tropical regions almost to the poles, flourishing equally in all climates. 5. Let us suppose a species of the same family, so small as to float in the atmosphere unseen, to arise in Asia,—might they not spread themselves by migration or on the winds, into other lands? Would they not keep along rivers, in which they would lay their eggs, like our musquitoes? Would they not frequent harbors? Might they not attach themselves to caravans of travellers, and ships, and thus pass from place to place, multiplying to a fatal degree wherever they found stagnant water, morasses, and wet filth, in which to deposit their eggs? Might they not be wafted on the winds to high and salubrious situations, in many of which the disease has actually appeared? Might they not swarm about the poor and filthy, in preference to those in more comfortable circumstances? Is not this the case with many insects and small parasitic animals? Finally, might not ships import them, to multiply as new colonies remote from their birth place? And under this view may we not reconcile much of the discordant testimony on the subject of contagion and importation?

The cause of the disease may be *importable* but the disease itself cannot be *contagious*.

Now I would ask, which theory, of all that have been proposed, calls for better regulations than the animalcular? It teaches us that quarentines may *possibly* do good, but are not relied on, as the enemy may come on its own, or the wings of the wind; it teaches us that we are in no danger, when in sentiments of duty or affection we stand over the sick and dying; it calls

on us to remove moist filth, and stagnant water, and keep ourselves in dry places; it requires of us to keep out of the evening air, for insects are then abroad, and all experience demonstrates the utility of this precaution; finally, it teaches us to preserve ourselves in the most regular health possible, as insects of every kind prey more fiercely on the sick than the well.

I do not pledge myself to this hypothesis, but wish to protest against a blind acquiescence in any other yet proposed; and especially that of contagion. For practical purposes the animalcular theory seems to me preferable to any of the rest. It explains much that has been observed, enjoins much that experience has shown to be necessary, and commands us to nothing which observation has proved to be improper—recommendations of no ordinary character; although they fall far short of establishing its truth.

After all that has been said on the contagious propagation of the cholera; after the positive and arrogant manner in which this opinion has been maintained, we cannot help feeling an intense interest to examine how far it is confirmed or contradicted by the facts presented in the origin and progress of the disease in this country.

First, with regard to its origin; what proof is there of its importation from any foreign source of infection? It is scarcely worth while to notice the absurd reports that were circulated from Sunderland of the infection being brought from Hamburg, of the first breaking out of the disease among the crew of a vessel from that place who were allowed to ramble about all night on the shore, and its subsequent communication to the inhabitants of the town. These rumors have been sufficiently exposed in the letter from Dr. Brown, published in our last number, and in another from Dr. Ogden in our present. Whether the first origin of the epidemic be traced back to the month of August or dated from the seizure of the elder Sproat, no communication of any of the persons affected, with any one arriving from foreign ports where the disease prevailed has yet been made out; and with regard to infection having been brought in the clothes-chests of seamen, we may add to the judicious remarks of Dr. Ogden, the observation, that it is not shewn that any person affected had been in any way exposed either by contact or mere approach to these imagined vehicles of contagion, or that inanimate objects, the dead bodies of cholera patients excepted, were capable of transmitting the supposed contagion.

Against these idle tales all the facts which have been observed, prove its indigenous origin in Sunderland, viz: The general prevalence of complaints of the stomach and bowels, diarrhœa especially, and common cholera, not only at Sunderland, but also in various parts of the kingdom: The earliest appearance of this complaint in particular individuals, previously laboring under disordered functions of the alimentary canal from intemperance, want of food and clothing, or peculiarity of constitution, inhabiting confined and crowded situations, or infirmity induced by previous illness; while debauchery and drunkenness, and exposure to atmospheric vicissitudes, are found to have immediately preceeded its attacks far oftener than communication with the sick.

In like manner, the successive irruptions at Haddington, Kirkintilloch, and London, present proofs of a local origin of the cholera, again refusing to extend itself in the time of most frequent intercourse, and first appearing at very distant places in persons who had not been exposed to any source of infection. These are not exceptions or anomalies which have been witnessed in this country alone; Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, and many other places in Europe and India, gave the same illustration of a local origin;—and the comparison of its rapid extension over Europe, in defiance of all attempts to arrest its progress by cutting off all communication between healthy and sick districts, with the slow intercourse between them; the comparison of the rapid and unrestricted communication which has all along existed in this country, with the slow, irregular, and capricious extension of the disease here, at once refute all the ridiculous notions which were once maintained of the contagious propagation of the cholera: It is much less infectious than the plague or small-pox, said the abettors of this opinion;—and yet they shut their eyes to the fact, that its rapidity of progress infinitely outstripped the course of these diseases; and whilst a few were allowed to be susceptible in some places such numbers were suddenly attacked that it was utterly impossible that they could have been exposed to infection, unless, as some have maintained, amongst whom we find Sir W. Russell and Sir D. Barry, that it had been wafted by the winds. The absurdity of this theory is so palpable, that nothing but the arrogance and presumption with which it has been enforced, could excuse a further notice of it. By whom was it formed, and what was the process of false reasoning by which it was supported?

It was formed in the closet, by men ignorant of its phenomena, in contradiction to the observations of all who were practically conversant with the disease. The facts and reasonings of these were set at nought, and all who dared to uphold the contrary opinion, were stigmatized as "men who wilfully abandoned all the ordinary maxims of prudence and were obstinately blind to the dictates of common sense."

The frequent extension of the disease where communication with the sick, or persons conveying infection from them, had no existence, as well as the failure of cordons and quarentines in arresting its progress, and the still more frequent exemption where the most frequent intercourse has existed, shew that there may well be other reasons than those assigned for the out-breaking of cholera in the Maritius, or the little extent to which it prevailed in the neighboring isle of Bourbon, for the immunity of Serepta, Peterhoff, the family of the French Consul at Aleppo, and some other similar instances collected in the course of many thousand miles, of a disease which every where abounds with anomalies.

Nor are these the only points on which erroneous conclusions have been formed. It has been asserted that the adoption of contagion was safest in its practical bearings—a theory from which no harm could arise, if erroneous. The believers in contagion acknowledge that few are susceptible, and that these are individuals in whom bad diet, deficient clothing, confinement in ill-ventilated and crowded situations, drunkenness, fatigue, distress, or previous ill health, have weakened the power of the constitution. All who have witnessed the misery occasioned by obstruction to commerce, will perceive that its ravages would be increased by measures which increase the number of susceptible in a greater ratio than they prevent infection; and if it ever arise from other causes than contagion, the number exposed to the influence of these causes would be increased beyond all calculation.

So far it is evident that this disease has appeared in various parts of the country from other causes than contagion; but it still remains to be examined, whether its propagation in the surrounding neighborhood has been owing to this cause; whether or not it has ever become, under any circumstances, contagious? The order of succession in which places near to each other have been attacked, has been irregular and capricious, as its manner of breaking out in distant parts of the country. Thus the hamlets of Houghton le Spring, Hetton, and Rainton, within the distance of little more than a mile of each other, were affected, Houghton in the beginning of December; Hetton in the beginning of January, and Rainton, in the beginning of February: Durham, but a short distance from them, has had only two cases. The disease remained confined to Sunderland until the beginning of December, then it broke out almost simultaneously in all directions. Seaham, Blyth, Newcastle, Chester-le-Street, Seghill, and Newark were affected. Percy Main colliery lies close by Hawden Dock, and Wallsend, on the Tyne between Shields and Newcastle; at the latter place it broke out in the beginning of January, but did not rage severely; at the former, it appeared in the beginning of the next month, and prevailed with great violence. It is needless to multiply examples. Every part of its course abounds with facts shewing the dependence of this disease on other causes than that of human intercourse. It would indeed be difficult to point out any single place which has been affected early in proportion to the frequency of the communication of its inhabitants with those of any other place where it raged; but if we were to found our conclusions on such facts, we should fall into the same error as that which the exclusive contagionists have previously committed. It is upon direct instances of communication between the sick and the healthy, not on probabilities, or possibilities that our reasoning must be founded. The general facts are these; a very great number of persons have been exposed to the sick without being affected with the disease, or communicating it to those whom they approached: a great number of persons have been seized who have not been in any way exposed to emanations from the sick, whether directly from their persons or indirectly from substances which had imbibed them. Some have had the disease after such exposure and it has raged particularly amongst families, often affecting, and sometimes proving fatal to nearly every individual composing them. Shall we then say, that the disease has been produced by contagion in the latter and not in the former? To prove the existence of this agent something more is necessary than the occasional seizure of persons who have previously been in communication with the sick; we must know that no other cause can have produced the disease in them, before we are athorized to attribute it to the operation of a something invisible, intangible, and not by any means to be rendered apparent to our senses; the evidence of this cannot be rendered perfect in our present state of ignorance of the general causes of the cholera; and fortunately it is not a question of great importance. Admit the possibility of its being occasionally as contagious as typhus, merely for the sake of precaution, and there is no fear of its spreading from this cause further than that disease, even if no restriction on internal intercourse were imposed. To remove all fear from the minds of the attendants of the sick: to do away with all restrictions which operate injuriously on trade; yet to expose no one unnecessarily; to supply the poor with wholesome food and clothing; and to avoid excess of all kinds, especially drunken-

ness; are the means which both reason and experience demonstrate to be most effectual to arrest the progress of this disease.

THE CINCINNATI MIRROR.

EDITOR'S GARRET.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

This terrible pestilence has arrived on the continent of the New World. Its ravages at Montreal and Quebec, in Upper Canada, have been great. For the ten days previous to June 21, the average number of deaths at Montreal, was one *hundred!* This, in a population of thirty-two or three thousand, is a frightful mortality. At Quebec the disease had raged with about equal violence. On the 21st and 22d, the number of deaths per day in both places was much diminished. The cholera was also raging, though with less violence, at St. Johns, Prescott, York, and Kingston. It is supposed to have made its appearance at several points in the United States, two or three deaths having occurred at Burlington, Vt., and three or four at Erie, Pa., of a disease, the symptoms of which resemble very closely, those of the Asiatic cholera.

When Cincinnati will be reached by this depopulating scourge, or whether at all, is beyond the power of conjecture. But the bare possibility that it may come among us, should induce us to pay attention to the premonitory advice of the scientific, and those who have had experience in its treatment. Believing it to be a matter of more than ordinary interest, we have appropriated a large proportion of to-day's paper, to details of its history, symptoms, cure, &c. A board of Health has been appointed by the City Council, and measures have been taken for cleansing the streets and alleys of our city. The beneficial effects of these arrangements must be acknowledged, whether the cholera visit us or not. And as impure air and bad diet undoubtedly predispose to attacks of the disease, we cannot exercise too much discretion, in having our cellars, bed-rooms &c., ventilated, and in confining ourselves to such food, as is recommended by those who have made the human system their study.

☞ Why is it, that the large pond of water in the lower part of the city, near the junction of Fifth and Front streets, is not removed? From personal examination, we are convinced that twenty or thirty dollars would be the extent of the cost of digging a ditch to the river, sufficiently deep to drain out the great body of the water. We commend it to the attention of the Board of Health.

The Frontier War.—The troops had not yet come to a general engagement with the Indians, at our last accounts from the frontiers. Several skirmishes had taken place, in which five or six of the whites were killed, and about a dozen Indians. Orders have been issued from the Department of War, for the concentration at Chicago of one thousand men, of the U. S. regulars. General Scott is to take the command, and has been ordered to proceed against the hostile Indians, instanter. This looks something like bringing a matter to a close, which otherwise might continue for months.

Foreign—England.—Earl Grey and his colleagues have been recalled. We may soon expect to hear more of the Reform Bill. The announcement of the return to office of the Grey ministry, was received by the public with the liveliest demonstrations of joy.

Greece.—A civil war has broken out in the Morea, between the Greek Constitutionalists and the partizans of Capo D'Istrias. The information is given on the authority of the commander of a vessel which arrived at Toulon, May 7, from Navarino, whence she sailed on the 19th April. The celebrated chief Colocotroni, had taken the field to support the re-establishment of Capo D'Istrias on the throne of Greece, and had seized upon Argos, before which he had drawn up a force of from three to four thousand men.

FOURTH OF JULY.

The fifty-sixth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, was celebrated in this city with more than the usual splendor. A procession of great length, formed by the Uniform Companies of Cincinnati, the Jefferson Grays of Louisville, the different Mechanic Associations, with their badges and banners, the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, the Mercantile Association, and citizens, proceeded from Fifth Street down Broadway to Front Street, down Front to Main, up Main to Fourth, down Fourth to Elm, up Elm to Sixth, up Sixth to Main, down Main to Fifth, and up Fifth to the new Methodist Chapel, where the exercises were commenced by Prayer from the Rev. Mr. Christie.

F. W. Thomas, Esq., recited a National Ode, prepared for the occasion, which drew forth considerable applause, and at once evidenced the possession of poetical talent of a high and cultivable order. Should this Ode be published, it will be entitled to a place with the best similar productions of American genius.

The Declaration of Independence was read by Peyton S. Symmes, Esq.

The Oration of General King, was one of great vigor and eloquence, and delivered in an impressive manner.

Mr. Nash sung an Original Ode, written for the occasion by Mrs. C. L. Hentz.

In the evening, the New Theatre was opened. The "*Soldier's Daughter*," and "*No Song No Supper*."—The house, capable of containing between 1,500 and 2,000 persons, was well filled. The following is the Address, which obtained the prize of Fifty Dollars.

ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. Caldwell, at the opening of the New Cincinnati Theatre: written by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

What Grecian dome e'er op'd its gates of pride,
In more auspicious hour? The even-tide
Of Freedom's most august and glorious day,
Pours on these classic walls its hallowed ray,
And the rich gale, that now floats wearied by,
Has borne a nation's gratitude on high.
While from the fountains of each patriot heart,
Gushes of high, heroic feeling start,
The children of the free, we gather here,
Anthems of glory, lingering in our ear,
To dedicate this yet unsullied shrine,
By rites the bards of old believed divine.

When first the strain that still from clime,
Rolls its deep echoes down the flood of time,
Swelled o'er our ancient hills, grey rocks and green-wood bowers,
Shewed *this* fair city, *then*, its stately towers?
No! nature here in Druid grandeur dwelt,
Before her throne the forest monarch knelt.
Faith's only altar, earth's vine-shadowed loam,
And God's sole temple yon unchiseled dome.
But Freedom, travelling in its strength, unfurled
Erewhile its banner o'er this western world—
Religion, science, genius, wealth and taste,
Followed, with gilding steps, the path she traced,
Scattered their stars amid the forest gloom,
And gave to man the wild's uncultured bloom.
Here too, the Muses, seraph pilgrims, came,
Heralds and guardians of the Drama's fame—
Whose lyre, from land to land, from age to age,
Has wak'd its noblest descant for the stage.

Hail to this shrine! Oh! never may the flame
Enkindled here, be dimm'd by clouds of shame—
May sorrow gather here, a thornless flower,
Whose bloom shall sweeten life's autumnal hour,
Virtue, oppress'd by passion's lawless rage,
Find an avenging champion in the stage,
And conscience, writhing in conviction's grasp,
Pierc'd by remorse, with pangs convulsive gasp.

Patrons of genius! be it yours to guard
This virgin temple, spotless and unmarr'd.
High o'er its gates inscribe this ban to sin,
Let not pollution dare to enter in.
Then even prayer its holy brow may bend,
And bless the Drama, as religion's friend.

May native genius, sunning in the ray
Your smiles reflect, exalt its boldest lay,
And reaching here ambition's loftiest goal,
On glory's page your fathers' deeds enroll.
The bard, in vision, sees with prophet glance,
The glimmering shades of other years advance:
There fair Ohio's waves, embalmed in song,
A second Avon, ebbless, roll along;
And every regal mountain of the West,
Lifts with Olympian fame, its rain-bow'd crest.
As erst the pilgrim to the hills of Rome,
To this proud dome unnumber'd votaries come,
And lingering o'er the annals of this day,
Dear to our country's pride, exulting say,
"Ye walls—corruption never has profan'd,
Long may ye stand unmouldering as unstain'd!"

According to the report of the Commissioners of Hamilton county, the disbursements for county purposes, for the year ending June 4th, 1832, were $66,224 93. The receipts into the county treasury, during the same period, were $59,441 95.

Lecture on Cholera.—A lecture on the Asiatic Cholera, will be delivered by Dr. Eberle at 4 o'clock this afternoon, in the new hall of the Medical College of Ohio. The citizens generally are invited to attend.

U. S. Bank.—Appearances warrant the belief, that this institution will be rechartered before the adjournment of Congress. The National Intelligencer, July 2, says—"By a vote of *one hundred* against *seventy-five* the House refused to postpone it to the next session. The question seems to have gained friends since it came into the House. The House also refused to *commit* the bill, which will prevent the possibility of the bill's being defeated by protracted debate, in committee of the whole, where the previous question is not applicable."

MARRIED—On the 28th ult., by the Rev. C. Springer, Mr. Lincefield Sharp to Miss Sarah Ann Hicks, all of this city.

NEW AGENTS.

Kentucky.—Cynthiana, A. Broadwell, P. M.; Claysville, J. Whitehead, P. M.; Harrodsburgh, Dr. C. L. Jones; Perryville, John A. Burton, P. M.; Lebanon, J. B. Wathen, P. M.; Greensburgh, J. J. Allen, P. M.

Indiana.—Indianapolis, John Cain, P. M.; Noblesville, John D. Stephenson, P. M.; Danville, Cyrus Garrett; Newport, John W. Pearson; Perrysville, Thomas Anderson, P. M.; Eugene, Geo. A. Hannigan; Covington, B. Griffith.

☞ *Indiana.*—The name of Jesse Willitts was published by mistake as Agent at Milton, Ia. *Dr. Thomas Wilhitts* is our Agent in that place. A similar mistake occurred in relation to Liberty, Ia. M. Watson, P. M., is our Agent in that town.

Two literary productions, supposed to have been irrecoverably lost, have been within these few days discovered, and both may be expected to appear in print very soon. The one is a prose work of Lord Byron, of considerable extent and extraordinary interest: the other is a very elegant and touching series of 'Confessions,' by the late Lady Caroline Lamb—including a remarkable set of stanzas by Mr. Rogers, addressed to her Ladyship, on first seeing her in company with the young author of 'Childe Harold;' and some hardly less exquisite verses by Lady Caroline herself, on witnessing the funeral cavalcade of a noble poet, as it passed Brocket Hall, on the way to Nottinghamshire. Her Ladyship's prose narrative is said to be composed in general in a style of deep and artless pathos—interspersed, however, with many passages of pungently sarcastic description, and sketches of personal character and manners, calculated to excite a great sensation in the fashionable world.—*English Paper.*

The last number of Blackwood's Magazine contains a review of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which is attributed to Col. Hamilton, the author of Cyril Thornton.—Maugre a sprinkling of prejudice, it is extremely well written. The following passage, notwithstanding the 'subject matter,' will be thought by some cavillers to be as just in its rebukes, as it is musical in its periods.—*Phi. Gaz.*

"An American may be philosophically distinguished as a spitting biped. He spits from the cradle to the grave; at all times, in all places, in all circumstances, in youth and in age, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, at sea and on land, in storm and in calm, on foot and on horse-back, in town and in country, in the house of his father, at the board of his friend, in the drawing room of his President, at the feet of his mistress, at the altar of his God. The discharge is as necessary to him as the air he breathes; he salivates for some three score years, and when the glands of his palate can secrete no longer, he spits forth his spirit, and is gathered to his fathers, to spit no more."

Early Marriage.—Tacitus says early marriage makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief prop of empire. That man who resolves to live without woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell, injurious to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

Paradise.—Where paradise was, has been much debated and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in delight among the kings of those eastern countries. So that a paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either before it was enclosed or planted after; either cultivated like gardens for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed, like parks, for enclosure and harbour of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking; and so they were of more or less extent, and of different entertainment, according to the several humors of the princes that ordered and enclosed them.

Governess.—An excellent story appeared not long since in a book on education relative to governesses. A lady wrote to her son requesting him to look out for a lady such as she described, and such as is ordinarily expected in a governess, that is to say, accomplished, with the disposition of an angel. The gentleman wrote back, saying that he had long been looking out for such a person, and that when he found her he should not recommend her for a governess for his mother, but take her for a wife himself.

Goethe's Remains.—The obsequies of this distinguished individual were celebrated in great splendor. They were honored by the presence of the Grand Duke, Goethe's munificent patron, the members of the cabinet and household, the scientific bodies, clergy and assistants, military men, and by almost every respectable inhabitant of Weimar. His remains were laid by the side of Schiller, in the sepulchre of the Grand Ducal family. His coffin was of oak, lined with lead, and the external inscription simply this:—

"Goethe.
Born the 28th August, 1749.
Died the 22d March, 1832."—*Middlesex Telegraph.*

WOMEN.

Women in their nature are much more joyous than men, whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate and their animal sprits more light and volatile, or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the guilt of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their mind that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the path of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gaiety. Where these precautions are not observed, the man degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said we may conclude, men and women were made counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife; when these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.—*Addison.*

SORROW.

"On the sands of Life
Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves a print
Time cannot wash away; while Joy trips by
With step so light and soft that the next wave
Wears his faint foot-falls out."—*Neele.*

MARRIED,—On Thursday morning the 21st inst., by the Rev. Asa Mahan, Mr. Jonathan Mullen to Miss Fanny Kimball, all of this place.

M. G. WILLIAMS' ACADEMY.

The annual examination of this academy commenced on Tuesday the 19th instant, and ended on the afternoon of the following Friday.

It is not necessary for the undersigned to say a word on the importance of a good English education; Mr. Williams' plan, embraces nothing more, but it embraces every item essential to such an education. Reading, writing, spelling, grammar, composition, geography, astronomy, the use of the globes, the various branches of mathematics, history and chronology, constitute the course of instruction. The undersigned examined classes in all those branches, and it gives us unequivocal pleasure, in justice to Mr. Williams, to state our entire approbation of his system, the utility of which, is exhibited in the ready answers of the students to almost every question within the range of their studies, and their rapid advancement in the different grades of science.

Mr. Williams has a class in Constitutional Law. The title is a novel one in our schools, but not the less important. We were much pleased with the proficiency of this class, in the principles of government, and especially of the Constitution of the United States. This is a subject which cannot be too early instilled into the minds of our youth, and it is one on which they are too often lamentably ignorant. Mr. Williams is entitled to much credit for introducing it to the notice of his pupils.

The general proficiency of the different classes was such as to excite the admiration of all who were present. We found much difficulty in deciding upon the comparative merits of the different candidates for the honors of the institution. In every branch there were several competitors whose claims were almost equal.

Connected with the academy, is a library of about two hundred and fifty volumes, for the use of the pupils, and we are told it is in contemplation to commence a cabinet of minerals, and other natural curiosities as the foundation of a museum for the benefit of his pupils.

Isaac G. Burnet,
Edward Woodruff,
Marcus Smith,
Timothy Flint,
Edwin A. Atlee,
} *Examining Committee.*

Cincinnati, June 26, 1832.

THE CINCINNATI MIRROR

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